

She is bound but won't Obey; Or:
The married man's complaint in choosing a wife.

Desiring other Young-men to have a care, and to look before
 they leap. To the Tune of, The West-Country-delight,



I Am a poor married man truly,
 and I lead a weary life,
 As I will plainly here declare,
 by marrying with a wife;
 at bed and board,
 still word for word,
 she'll give me two for one,
 You Married-Men and Bachelors,
 come listen to my song.

I was a Bachelor bold of care,
 and I had a good estate,
 And I forsooth must presently
 go seek me out a mate;
 which at the last
 unto my cost,
 I light on such a one,
 Search all the country round about,
 the like is not agen.

Now I will plainly here declare,
 unto your open view,
 And if that I were put to my oath,
 I'll swear that it is true:
 then give good ear,
 while I declare,
 the wicked weary life,
 Which I sustain both night and day,
 by marrying with a Wife.

Each morning I must rise betimes,
 to make my wife a fire,
 And also make her a pocket too,
 if it be her desire:
 then up she'll get,
 at ten a clock,
 whether it be day or no,
 Pray which of all you women-kind,
 are us'd for to do so.

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Ad when that she is up and drest,
to the Ale-house she will trot,
And there she'll stay and be as drunk,
As ever was a Kiot;
With pipe and pot,
she will stick to't,
while she can stand or go,
Pray which of all you women-kind,
are w'd for to do so.

And when that she is drunk come home
she'll put me in such fears,
she'll pull my nose, and pinch my arms
and tying me by the ears:
by the hair of the head,
out of the bed,
she'll pull me on the floor,
And when that I have turn'd my back,
she's given to play the Whore.

She'll call me Cuckold to my face,
and I cannot it deny,
But yet I know in our Town,
there's more as well as I:
there's Neighbour John,
an honest man:
but what if that he be,
He may dry clouts upon his horns,
as well as thee or me.

I dare not in the Ale-house peep,
no not for both my ears,
But she will presently after creep,
and put me in such fears:
with the Flagon kid,
upon my head,
she'll ring me such a pell,
I think in heart that she is worse,
then all the devils in hell.

I must be man and maid at home,
and do the work with in,
And when that I have made the Cheese
I must sit down and spin:
which grieves me

to the very heart,
to think of the weary life,
Which I sustain both night and day,
by Marrying with a Wife.

And when that she at supper sits,
I must stand looking on,
And after she hath eat the meat,
then I must pick the bone:
I cannot have
one bit of bread,
but what she doth me cut,
And yet I'll swear both day and night,
she keeps me hard at work.

What course to take I cannot tell,
I lead such a weary life,
That I could e'n find in my heart,
to hang me with my knife;
or else go put
on a clean shirt,
and drown me immediately,
That all young men both far and near
may example take by me.

You Watchdogs all both great & small,
example take by me,
And when you look these lines upon,
think on my misery;
and also look
before you leap,
for fear you catch a fall,
If your wives proves no better thine
I would they were buried all: (mine

you Married-men that have good wives
I would wish you make much of them
And also see in any wife,
you do not seek to wrong the n;
for a good Wife,
upon my life,

is worth both Gold and Pearl,
And happy is that Married man,
that lighs on such a Girl.

FINIS.

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With Allowance.